



3,338,800 going nowhere

For a half century Astorians had dreamed of a bridge across the Columbia. For three decades they had struggled, in Congress and in state legislatures, to get funds to build it. And for more than four years they had watched the bridge actually grow before their eyes.

So August 27, 1966, was a big, big day in Astoria. It was Regatta time and it was also the day for dedication of the long-sought bridge. Govs. Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Dan Evans of Washington, plus other high officials of the two states and an estimated 15,000 visitors, were here for the ceremony. The Regatta parade marched four miles from downtown to the site of the ceremony at the bridge's southern end. And, to top it all, a bright sun shone propitiously on the festivities.

The enjoyment of the ritual was spiced by the memory of years of jeers from upstagers about the "bridge to nowhere" and about the wastage of the money extorted from taxpayers of the state to construct a costly span that no one would use.

Well, the first decade of the bridge's service ends tomorrow. In its first 10 years the bridge has carried 3,338,800 vehicles and their passengers across the broad Columbia. Were they all bound to "nowhere"?

The volume of traffic is constantly growing. Summertime traffic jams at the toll gate are commonplace. Average daily traffic has been around 1,500 vehicles the last few years and for the first six months of 1976 it has been 2,060 vehicles daily, a record.

The fact that monthly traffic totals have consistently exceeded prior estimates, from the very first month of the bridge's operation, brings great satisfaction to Astorians who recall the ribald upstate comments when the span was being financed and built. They recall that a reluctant Oregon Highway Department, never enthusiastic about the bridge and its high cost, had originally estimated an average daily traffic count of 800 vehicles for the first several years of the bridge's life. Later, during construction, they upped this estimate to 900 vehicles daily, only to find that this, too, was unduly conservative. The actual count started off at better than 1,000 vehicles a day and has risen steadily since.

The bridge was financed by a \$24 million bond issue pushed through the 1961 legislature, largely by the efforts of then State Sen. Dan Thiel and Rep. Bill Holmstrom. The Highway Department schedule called for amortization of the bonds by December

1993. Now, as a result of actual traffic exceeding the original estimates, the amortization date has been pushed up to July 1992.

Barring a gasoline shortage or other catastrophe, prospects are that amortization may come even earlier than that.

Dreams of a bridge across the Columbia estuary go back to the turn of the century. Actual efforts to get it built began in the 1930s, when the federal government was spending millions on job-making projects during the depression years. At that time the bridge could have been built for around \$6 million, it was estimated. Efforts to get federal funds to build it failed, however.

Astoria and its friends kept up the pressure, however, concentrating later efforts on the state legislatures of Oregon and Washington rather than on the federal government. Eventually, in 1961, both states provided funds, Oregon putting up by far the biggest share, \$24 million.

Gov. Hatfield broke ground for construction of the bridge in 1962, and work progressed steadily for the next four years, under the eager eyes of proud Astorians.

Major contractors on the bridge included DeLong Corporation, to be paid \$7.8 million for 32 concrete piers to carry the main span; Pomeroy and Gerwick, \$3.8 million to build the two-mile long viaduct across Desdemona Sands in mid-river, and American Bridge Division of U.S. Steel Corporation, \$10 million for the steel superstructure.

The DeLong company got into difficulties with the Highway Department, each blaming the other for faulty concrete work in a pier. This led to cancellation of the contract and litigation involving millions of dollars. Raymond International Corporation replaced DeLong as prime contractor for the pier construction.

There was one fatal accident during the building of the bridge. On May 21, 1963, George Bauer, project manager for DeLong, was knocked off a barge into the river when hit by a broken cable.

The Astoria bridge is noteworthy among bridges of the world for having the longest through truss span—2,464 feet across the main ship channel. The bridge is 4.1 miles long. It rises to 200 feet above the main ship channel, its highest point.

Former Astorian Zoe Allen Evans, Portland, writes me to correct a dumb

mistake made in writing about Fort Canby, Wash., recently. I wrote about "Battery Francis Allen" there, when the correct name is Battery Harvey Allen. I knew better and can't imagine why I made the mistake. My apologies to Mrs. Evans.

She adds some information about the name:

"The battery is named for my grandfather, Lt. Col. Harvey Allen. He was a graduate of West Point, was stationed at a number of Army posts on the East Coast after serving in the Mexican war under Gen. Winfield Scott.

"In 1865 he brought a regiment across the Isthmus of Panama, was stationed at the Presidio, and later Camp Steele (in the San Juan Islands). He was in command there during the contention with Britain on the other end of the island, where English Camp was dedicated as a national park four years ago.

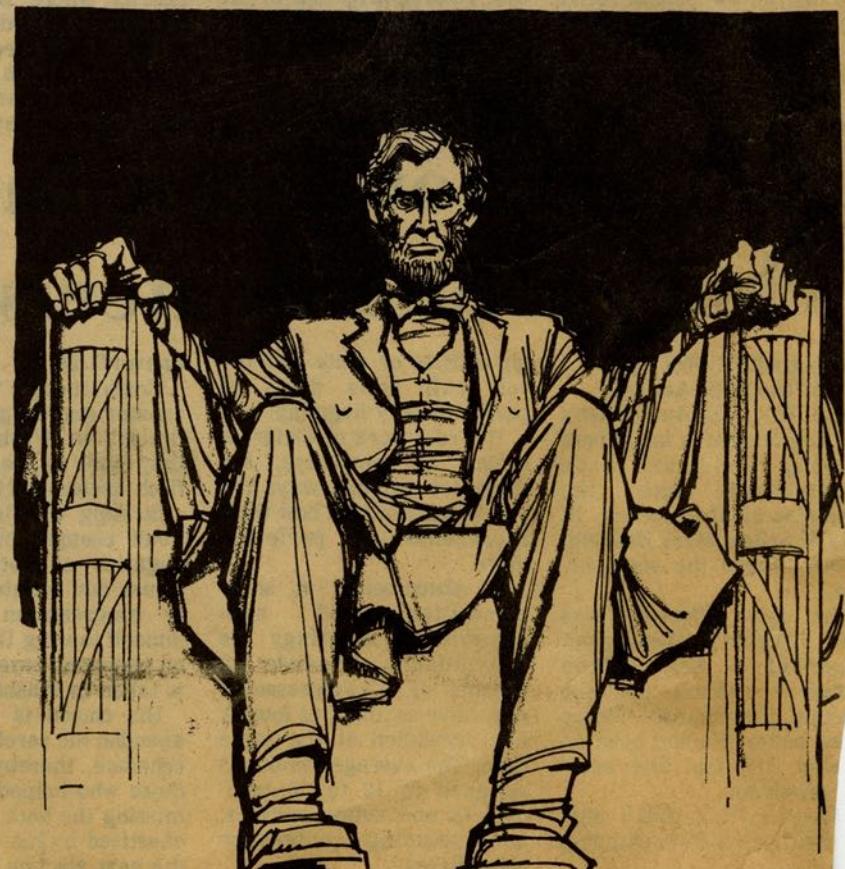
"The German Kaiser later settled

what became known as the Pig War and Haro Strait and some 25 islands became officially U.S. territory.

"From there, my grandfather was next stationed at Fort Canby in charge of our harbor defenses from 1868 to 1871.

"I cherish a fine oil painting of his 11-year-old daughter, who was born at Fort Canby. She was less than two years old when the family was sent to the Army post at Sitka, Alaska.

"I was very happy last Sunday when a gracious Mr. Darrell Radcliffe, in charge of the Washington State Park at Fort Canby, let us through a locked gate and we were shown over the old battery being cleared up. He also unlocked the adjacent Lewis and Clark information museum and we had a delightful tour. He phoned me this morning to correct a mis-statement. He had told me of the dedication (of the museum) would be October 17, but said it is to be October 10. I hope to return for that event."



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Another Republican president missing from Kansas C

Bits and Pieces

Fred Andrus
For The Daily Astorian

Astoria police centennial



Astoria's police department will be a century old December 5.

A brief history of the department, compiled by then Police Chief John Acton in the 1930s, reports that Astoria had a city marshal and a night watchman prior to the formal establishment of the police department. Ben Turlay was the last city marshal.

The payroll for December 1876 shows that William Rop was named chief of police at \$100 a month, C.H. Lewis and Clark Lowery patrolmen at \$75 a month each.

W.J. Barry was named chief some time between 1876 and the 1880s, and in 1888 more patrolmen were appointed. In 1893 Clark Lowery was chief and Ed Halleck had been named to the new post of captain.

"Old timers claim that the first patrol used was a wheel barrow and a hand truck," Acton's history says.

Charles Paetow, present police chief, explains this as follows:

"When they would arrest a drunk, if he was capable of standing up they would load him on the hand truck and trundle him off to the jail. If he was too far gone to stand, they would put him on the wheel barrow."

Police station and jail in those days were right downtown, handy to the red light district which produced a lion's share of police business.

The first motor patrol was acquired in 1920 and was still in use when Acton wrote his historical notes about 1932.

By that time there were 10 on the police force. Today there are 22 people, including 17 patrol officers plus five office personnel.

Paetow has a couple of old booking books, one of 1564 pages covering the period 1899-1902, and another book covering 1879-1892. There is something of a mystery about this second book. Paetow says a lady brought it to the police station some time ago, saying she had found her children playing with it in the attic. There are quite a few scrawls in a childish hand testifying to this fact. Police failed to get the lady's name and are mystified how the book ever got into her attic.

Early entries in this book are in pen and ink, up until December 21, 1891. The next entry, on January 9, 1892, is typewritten. Did the city buy its police department a typewriter for a Christmas present in 1891?

A preponderance of the entries in those old volumes are for drunkenness,

fighting and gambling. The gambling arrests included many people with Chinese names. The substantial Chinese population in those days evidently was addicted to gambling.

I myself can remember that in the years immediately after 1927, when I came to Astoria, there were many raids on Chinese lottery games. In fact, the police used to supply me with books of confiscated, unused lottery tickets which made handy-dandy, pocket-size notebooks useful to a newspaper reporter.

Paetow has other interesting relics of earlier days in the police department, including one of the billy clubs carried by the first policemen here. He says he got it from Corporal Mink of the state police, but doesn't know where Mink acquired it.

He also has a typewritten list of all the bordellos that lined Astor street in the period 1927-1942. There are 33 establishments on the list. Not all of them existed at the same time, however. There is also a sheaf of 23 typewritten pages of names of the women who occupied those places during that period—hundreds of them. Most of these women were only temporary residents of the town, however, and usually not more than a couple dozen were here at any one time.

The red light district ceased to exist on January 6, 1942. It was closed at the insistence of the medical officer of Fort Stevens, who warned the city fathers that all Astoria would be declared off limits to the garrison if the red light spots weren't closed down.

Some old timers here may have nostalgic memories of the New Richmond hotel, Anchor Rooms, Rex Hotel, Fisher Rooms, Monogram, Harbor Rooms, Cracker Box, the Star, the Green Front, Newport Rooms, Spokane Hotel, Oregon Hotel, Brooks Apartment, Mint Rooms, Swiss Rooms, and others on Paetow's old list.

Prostitution has been a police problem in Astoria for many, many years up to its final closure in 1942.

Russell Dark of the Clatsop Historical Advisory Committee has records which add a little color to the history of the ancient profession here. In the 1890s, some who plied this trade included Big Nosed Kate, Fire-Eating Kate, Bulldog Annie, Russian Annie, Big Nell, and Swell-Neck Jane.

The newspapers referred to them as "wingless angels," a term applied to Russian Annie when she committed suicide in 1895; "soiled doves" and

"nymphes du pave", a term apparently invented by D.C. Ireland, publisher of The Daily Astorian.

Many of the girls in those days had their headquarters in the Boar's Nest, a saloon with rooms for them upstairs, and with a side trade in opium.

There were periodic efforts at reform over the years, none of which had permanent success. Dark reports that vigilantes were organized in 1893 who seized a half dozen pimps, carted them into the woods and tied them to trees for a flogging. They were then loaded on the river steamer Electric, bound for Portland.

In those days the Portland police would occasionally round up undesirables and load them on the Astoria boat. Astoria Chief Barry would round them up and send them back, augmented by a few local undesirables.

One strange reform wave in the 1890s resulted in closure of all the crib houses on north-south streets, but not on east-west streets. The latter included Astor Street, which was always the main center of the bordello business and, in prohibition days, the bootleg business.

The area around Astor Street was known in the 1880s and 90s as Swilltown. By the 1920s this name had vanished and thereafter was known, somewhat more euphemistically, as The Line.

The police department moved from its original downtown location to the basement of the new city hall, at 16th and Duane, in 1916. It moved to its present location in 1939.

The list of police chiefs is missing from the 1890s until 1922, when S.L. Carlson was chief of a 10-member department. In 1923 William Detheridge was briefly chief, succeeded by Harry Entler the same year. In 1924 C.A. Murphey was named to the job, and in 1929 John K. Acton took over. Successors to Acton included Casper Leding in 1942, Arthur Ellsworth, Doc Arrington, Paul Bettoli, Mark Johannessen and the present Chief Paetow.

The first radio system for communication with patrol cars came in 1940. Prior to that time, there were red lights at W. Bond and Taylor (now Marine Drive); 29th and Franklin, and two on top of the J.J. Astor Hotel, facing east and west. There were call boxes near each light. When the light flashed red, the officer on patrol would call the station. The first radio equipment was provided with funds raised by the Kiwanis Club, which conducted a fund-raising drive with Curt Hoare in charge.

One of the unusual chores handled by the police department is hoisting a 15-star flag over the Fort Astoria site and a 29-star flag over the first post office site, for the period each year from the Sunday before Memorial Day to the first Friday after Labor Day. Mrs. Jo Love for years supplied those flags, which are often stolen, but no longer is able to do so. The supply is running low.

Bits and Pieces

By Fred Andrus

The Daily Astorian

Contributors tell of old days



Mrs. George Brunner, ex-Astorian now of Bakersfield, Cal., has written The Daily Astorian, regretfully cancelling her subscription as failing eyesight makes it impossible for her to read the paper.

Mrs. Brunner expresses her appreciation of the paper and says she has through the years particularly enjoyed the annual special editions.

But she has one criticism.

"Why", she asks, "is the old steamer Nahcotta never included in the articles on transportation?"

The Nahcotta goes back to the days when the Union Pacific had a narrow gauge railroad from Ilwaco up the peninsula to Oysterville. The steamer carried passengers from Astoria to meet the train at Ilwaco and, later on, to Megler when the railway line was extended to that point. The Nahcotta went out of service about 1920, when Capt. Fritz Elfving started his ferry service across the Columbia. The railroad lasted until 1929 or 1930, when it was abandoned.

"From the time I was seven years old," writes Mrs. Brunner, "old Capt. Tom Parker always met the narrow gauge railroad train at Ilwaco. Every summer, holiday, etc., we went over to Ilwaco from Astoria and took the train up as far as Ocean Park to visit my grandmother, Mrs. Dennis Curran, and Auntie Clark, our great-aunt, who was the wife of Isaac I. Clark. He was co-founder of Oysterville with Mr. Espy. They had a house in Oysterville, too."

"The train ran down the middle of the street in Long Beach, past Louis Loomis' 'palace' and on to Nahcotta, the end of the line. Is there no old timer left who remembers those days? Fritz Elfving and his Tourist No. 1 didn't come on the scene until much later."

There must be some old timers around who remember the Nahcotta and Capt. Tom Parker. It would be interesting to hear from some of them and get their reminiscences of a time long past.

Col. H.C. Reuter, US Army, Retired, has written the Daily Astorian from Pebble Beach, Cal., sending a Christmas dinner menu and roster of military personnel at Fort Stevens in 1936.

At that time Reuter was a captain, commanding Battery E, 3rd Coast Artillery. Commanding officer of Fort

Stevens was Major W.R. Stewart and the surgeon was Major Robert Murphy.

"The daily allowance for feeding the troops at Fort Stevens in 1936 was 39 cents per man," Col. Reuter wrote. "This amount was supplemented by the profits, about \$1 per month per man, generated from post activities. These included the Post Exchange, barber shop, pool tables, movie theater, bowling alley and golf course.

"Forty years ago the Army was self-sufficient. The post maintenance including the electrical distribution service, telephone and radio communications service were all a part of the responsibility of the military personnel. Our allowance of civilian helpers was three — a machinist, a carpenter, a plumber.

"That the regular army personnel stationed at the Harbor Defenses of the Columbia did their work well, was demonstrated each year when the 249th Coast Artillery, Oregon National Guard, arrived in the summer for their annual target practice. The 249th found all the guns at Forts Canby and Columbia in Washington and those at Fort Stevens, serviceable and accurate.

"Battery E, 3rd Coast Artillery's principal mission was the controlled mine defense of the entrance to the Columbia River. In 1941, Battery 3 and 12 other regular Army mine batteries were expanded to provide the much larger units that provided the Army mine defense for the harbors in the U.S., Panama and the Philippine Islands. No enemy submarine successfully penetrated any harbor in which there was an Army submarine mine unit during World War II."

Judging from the Christmas dinner menu sent by Col. Reuter, the troops at Fort Stevens ate well on their 39 cents per man per day.

That 1936 Christmas meal started with oyster stew, followed by salad, olives, pickles, celery hearts, roast turkey with gravy and oyster dressing, baked ham, snowflake potatoes, candied sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, cream peas, mince pie, hot rolls, pumpkin pie, fruit cake, layer cake, date pudding, assorted candy, nuts and fruit, cigars, cigarettes, coffee, hot cocoa and jam.

"The 1935 garrison at Fort Stevens was a very small caretaking unit," wrote Col. Reuter. "However, the

activities of Hitler were causing concern in the USA and by December 1936 we at Fort Stevens were receiving much more assistance in men and money for improving the defense of the Columbia."

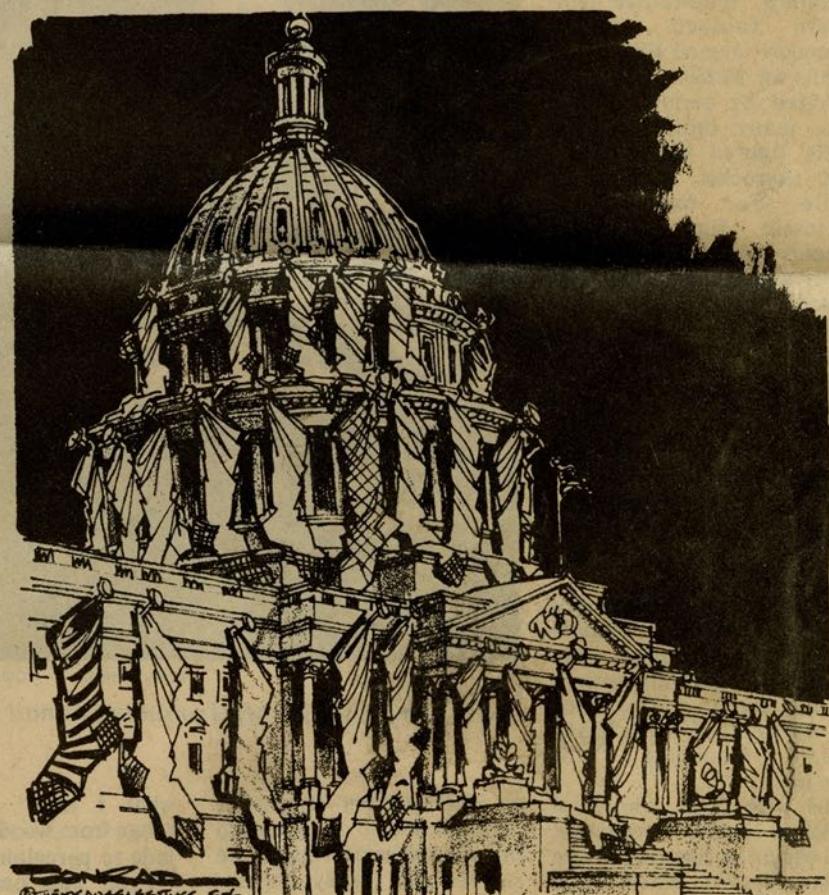
Recent news stories out of Idaho, dealing with that state's effort to obtain a larger share of Columbia River salmon and to gain membership in the Columbia River compact, have generally quoted Idaho authorities as blaming commercial fishermen exclusively for depleting the salmon resource.

Rarely, if ever, did these blasts from Idaho suggest that sports anglers and Indians were also taking salmon that

might otherwise go to Idaho streams to spawn.

The business of depicting the commercial fisherman as the sole villain responsible for fewer salmon is old stuff. Sportsmen's groups for years have been doing it, and Idaho sportsmen have been particularly vicious in their attacks on the commercial fishery.

While westerners generally will be pleased that Gov. Cecil Andrus of Idaho is to be secretary of interior in the Jimmy Carter administration, the commercial fishing industry may not join in the cheering. Gov. Andrus seems to have the general Idaho attitude that commercial fishing ought to be abolished. He needs to be re-educated.



**The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that Tongsun Park soon would be there'**

Bits and Pieces

Fred Andrus

Of The Daily Astorian



Do-it-yourself-city

Ever hear of Kissville?

Most Astorians just look blank if you mention that name, but motorists driving out the Labiske road, only about a dozen miles from Astoria, will come upon a roadside signboard announcing that there is Kissville, population 12 and elevation 12 feet.

In the early 1940s John and Anna Kiss acquired about 10 acres of land in a glade of the forests along the upper Walluski river and built their home. Later their three married daughters and other relatives settled on the same 10 acres.

Today there are five houses in Kissville and all are inhabited by Kiss relatives. Rudy Folk, a nephew, has a sign in his yard proclaiming him as mayor. Mr. and Mrs. Kiss are both deceased.

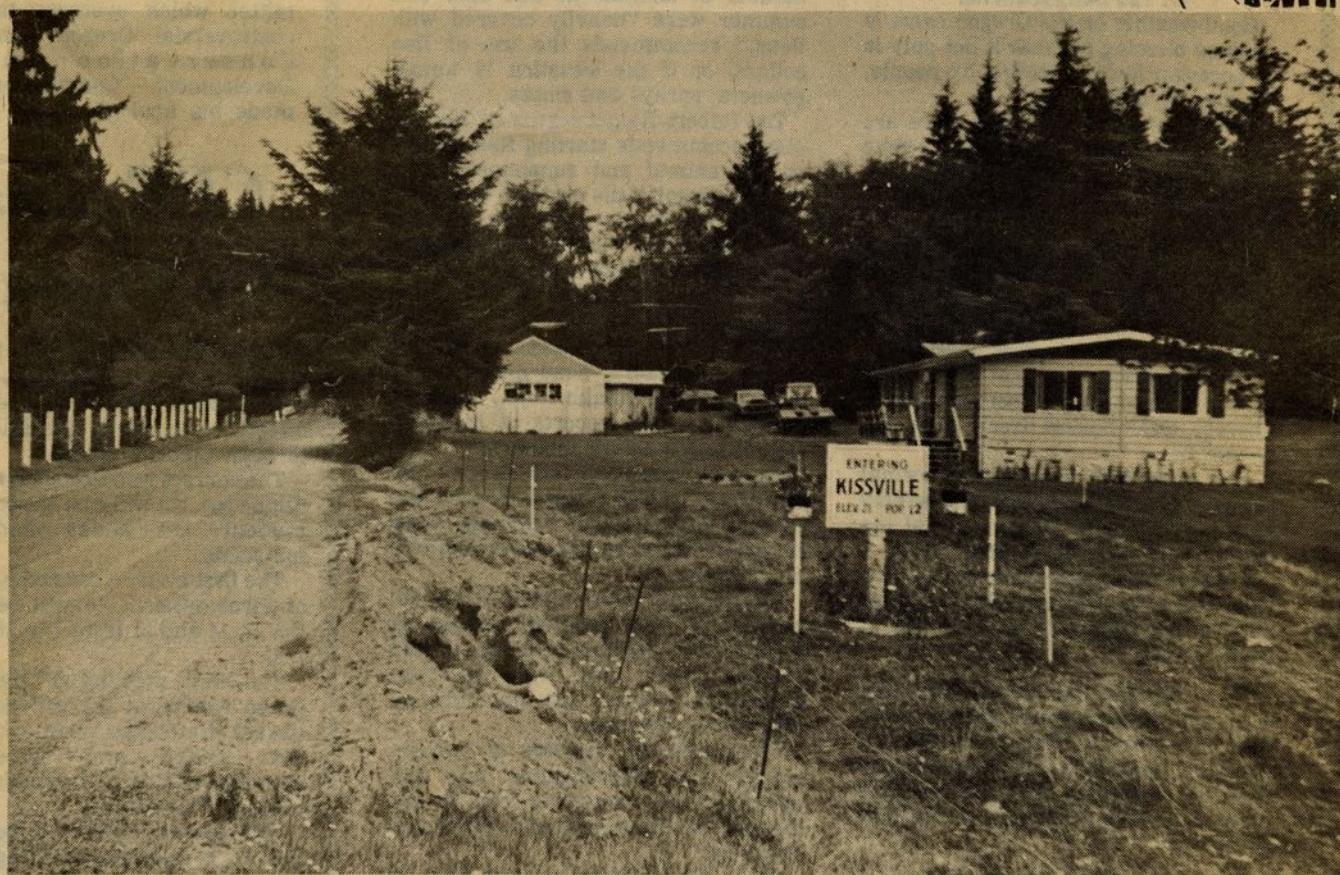
"They call me mayor because I'm the oldest," he said. "At first they called this place Lazy Acres, but decided life there wasn't lazy, so we called it Kissville. The population and elevation posted on the sign board are accurate."

Kissville of course is unincorporated and totally unofficial. It's an appealing way, however, of marking this pleasant glade in the Walluski woods which has become the rural retreat for members of one family.

There is a bridge in Kissville, and a sign board beside it identifying the stream under the bridge as the "Big Wallooskee."

"That's the right way to spell Walluski," said Folk. And it's true that some old maps spell Walluski as Wallooskee.

L.A. McArthur in "Oregon Geographic Names" spells the name Walluski, however. He writes that the name derives from a small band of Chinook Indians that lived in the neighborhood. In 1851, he says, the last survivor of this band, whose name was



Entering Kissville

Daily Astorian — FRED ANDRUS

Wallooska (apparently the same name as the tribe) was still living there.

But who's to say that any spelling of an Indian name is correct? The Indians had no written language and hence no spelling. Any spelling that approximates the Indian pronunciation has a claim to be correct.

Reminds me of an argument over the spelling of Chief Concomly, the famous Chinook leader who befriended Lewis and Clark, as well as the Astor party, and whose flattened skull was stolen and taken to England as a curiosity.

In my day, this newspaper spelled the name Concomly, as that seemed to be the most common of several variants of the name. But after my retirement, the paper started spelling it Comcomly. I asked one of the young men on the staff why they had changed it, and he superciliously told me that the Chinooks spelled it that way. Much later, I remembered that the Chinooks didn't have writing, so how could they spell it Comcomly?

Writing about the Walluski reminds me of the Walluski Wisp. In the late 1920s, when I came to Astoria, there was a recluse living in the Walluski area who used to raid farm yards and garbage cans at night for his food. He eluded all pursuit, and the hunt for him produced a lot of newspaper copy.

DeWitt Gilbert, then city editor of the Evening Budget, invented the name Walluski Wisp, and it stuck.

At this late date I can't remember if he was ever caught, but for a long time he more or less terrorized residents of the area.

Recently I wrote in this column about the loss of the gasoline schooner Oshkosh on Clatsop Spit in 1911, with loss of six lives.

Michael Naab, curator of Columbia River Maritime Museum, has informed

me that Capt. Thomas Latham of the Oshkosh, one of the six victims, was a Columbia River bar pilot. Naab sent me a copy of Latham's pilot's license, issued in 1882, and wrote that he had sent a copy of it, as well as a copy of my story about the wreck of the Oshkosh, to a descendant of Captain Latham in Hermiston.

That 1882 pilot's license gives the authorized pilotage fee rate at \$8 a foot for the first 12 feet of a ship's draft and \$10 a foot for any additional draft.

At that rate, a ship drawing 20 feet of water would be assessed 12 times \$8 or \$96, plus 8 times \$10, or a total \$176 for pilotage across the bar.

Clatsop County gets substantial space in The American Women's Gazetteer, a copy of which has been received by the Astor Library here.

This book is described by its authors, Lynn Sherr and Jurate Kazickas, as "a feminist travel guide—a proud and unabashedly biased catalog of all the places in America where women made history." A section is devoted to each state; Clatsop has the lion's share of the Oregon section.

Librarian Bruce Berney recalls that

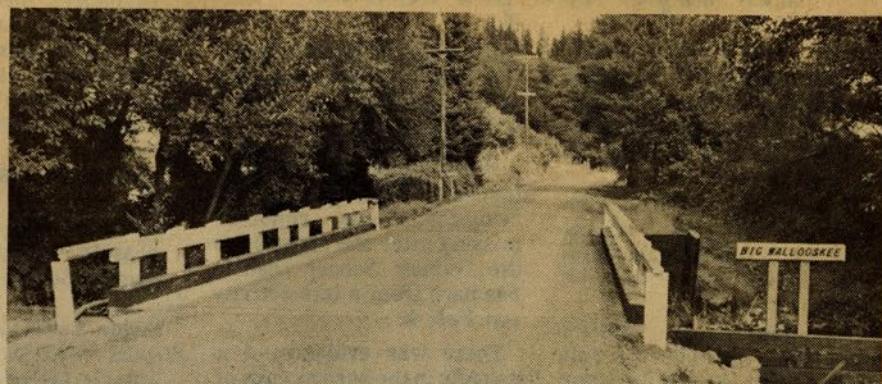
the authors visited here last year. Their finding of the obscure grave of Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair in Ocean View cemetery led to erection and formal dedication of a new monument there.

Dr. Owens-Adair was an early Oregon champion of women's rights. Her campaign for sterilization of the unfit was highly controversial. She died in 1925.

Dr. Owens-Adair's grave is described in the book, but first place in Clatsop County goes to Jane Barnes, euphemistically described as a waitress from England, who came here with the Astor expedition.

The book also mentions the Pioneer Cemetery grave of Helen Celast Smith, Indian wife of Clatsop Plains pioneer Solomon Smith and mediator between whites and Indians in pioneer days; and notes the Franklin avenue home of Narcissa White Kinney, founder of the Astoria library and 1894 president of the Oregon WCTU.

Fort Clatsop, commemorating Sacajawea, and Cannon Beach, where Sacajawea went with Lewis and Clark to see a stranded whale, are also included in notable Oregon sites of feminine achievements.



"Wallooskee" river bridge

"Mayor" Rudy Folk
has his own sign.

More on Shively Cabin



Where was John Shively's cabin? Roger Tetlow, author of the book *The Astorian*, disagrees with Russell Dark's belief that it lay somewhere near the junior high school.

Tetlow is an avid student of Astoria history and has evidence to support his opinion. He writes about it at some length, so I hereby turn this column over to him, as follows:

March 1, 1976

"I hope the Boy Scout troop which the Clatsop County Historical Advisory Committee is going to send to the area lying between the Astoria Junior High School and the city reservoir doesn't waste too much time searching for John Shively's original cabin in that vicinity. In my opinion, Shively built his cabin almost two miles from that spot.

"Fred Andrus, in his Bits and Pieces column of February 26, quoted Russell Dark, committee chairman, as placing the location of the cabin at this site. I am afraid that I cannot agree with Mr. Dark. According to all the information I have read, John Shively built his original cabin in the block bounded by 30th and 31st streets, and by Franklin and Grand avenues.

"For one thing, Mr. Dark has obviously misread the account written by Shively for the *Astorian*. He said that Shively placed the site on Lot 2, Block 8 of Shively's plat. I have an account, also written by Shively, in which he said that the place is on Lot 8, Block 2, Shively's Astoria. There is quite a difference in these two locations. A quick visit to the assessor's office showed me that this particular lot is situated on a knoll, about a block south of Marine Drive. According to them, the area near the city reservoir is in Olney's Central Astoria.

"In addition to this, Shively did not say that he built the cabin a mile south of Astoria but rather, he said that he built it a mile above Astoria. In those days, at a time when most people gave locations according to rivers nearby, a mile above meant a mile upriver which would also place it just about where I have said the cabin was.

"In my book *The Astorian*, I wrote an account of D.C. Ireland, founder of the *Tri-Weekly Astorian*, visiting this historical site. Of course, by that time (1873), there was nothing left of either the cabin or the garden which Shively described. I did not give the exact location of the site for several reasons, but if the cabin would have been near the city reservoir, I know that Ireland would have passed it by. Under no conditions would he have crashed brush for over a mile, just to see an ancient site.

"The most interesting thing about the location is that it is the site of what was probably the oldest settlement in the Oregon country. In spading his garden,

Shively uncovered evidence of an old log cabin as well as many other items such as beef bones, horn knife handles and kitchen implements of a by-gone day. Obviously, this was not the site of an Indian camp. Shively thought it might be a place formerly inhabited by Spanish buccaneers or shipwrecked sailors. It may have even been a village, settled by Spanish explorers. If that was so, it means that the Spanish discovered the Columbia river long before Gray.

"There is other evidence supporting my contention that Shively built his cabin on this site. Alfred Cleveland, in an article written about Astoria's early history said, "Shively, who did not believe in joint occupancy, which disturbed the social relations between Mr. Birnie and himself, lived at Lime Kiln Hall, on the ridge near the eastern limit of his claim." The eastern limits of Shively's claim lies just east of 31st street. This also substantiates the location of the cabin. It was called Lime Kiln Hall because of the coal and charcoal at the site.

"Shively also mentioned that the Spanish seafarers probably had barges and other appliances to repair their fleet. Obviously, the site must have been near the river. At that time, the water probably lapped at the northern edge of what is now Marine Drive and Shively's cabin must have been just above the beach, on the top of the first knoll.

"Most of the early pioneers built their cabins near the water whenever they could. There were very few trails and roads at that time and the settlers used the rivers as highways. It was far easier to load a boat with produce and go to town by water than it would have been to carry it along brushy trails. In the Astoria vicinity, the many rivers provided the settlers with a multitude of highways.

"I think that putting a granite marker on the site of John Shively's cabin is an excellent idea but if I was a member of the advisory committee, I would do more investigating before placing it near the junior high school. I am sure they will find that one placed near the intersection of Grand avenue and 30th street will be more historically accurate."

Tetlow then did a little more research, and brought in the following letter:

March 5, 1976

"John Shively believed that he had found the site of an ancient Spanish settlement when he decided to build a cabin on Lot 8, Block 2 of Shively's Astoria. I used his version of the reasons for the site and yet, something about it bothered me. That pile of charcoal he found reminded me of something I had read years ago and I

decided to see if I could track it down.

"Peter Corney, in a series of articles published in the London Literary Gazette in 1821, included an episode which occurred in 1814 at the fort. I believe that Mr. Corney has provided the answer to the puzzle.

"He says: 'After we left (November, 1814) a blacksmith and two men were sent from the post to burn charcoal. They commenced building a hut. The Indians collected about them apparently in a friendly manner, but the moment an opportunity offered they took the axes belonging to the party, attacked them furiously, cutting and mangling them most barbarously. The natives made off, taking the axes with them. The bodies were found the next morning. An inquiry was set on foot for the authors of this outrage. King Con-Comley offered his services to find them. By the help of presents and threats, two of the men were recognized. They were lead out blindfolded to be shot. The bodies of the Indians were taken down to the wharf and exposed for several days, when their friends were allowed to carry them away.'

"We know that the area near the fort was covered with huge trees, many of them measuring 50 feet in girth. To make charcoal, a good source of hard wood is needed. I believe it not unreasonable to assume that at Shively's location there was a stand of maple or alder, and that is the reason the men at the fort decided to set up the charcoal factory at that site. At that time, charcoal was produced by stacking wood into heaps, which were partially buried with earth to limit the access of air. This would probably be Shively's six foot high pile which he dug into.

"Why was the charcoal still there? I can only assume that the massacre of the three men convinced the others at the fort that it would be too dangerous to send men back for charcoal. Or, perhaps with the blacksmith dead, there was no longer any need for charcoal.

"The above is merely a theory of my own, but I think it offers a more satisfactory answer to the puzzle of the ancient site than Shively's does."



Bits and Pieces

Museum a regional project

The Columbia River Maritime Museum, which incidentally still needs several hundred thousand dollars more to complete its new home on the waterfront, has been the beneficiary of several major gifts. Many of them are from out of town donors.

"The museum is not purely a local project, but for the whole Columbia River area and the Northwest," said Rolf Klep, museum director.

"We have raised more than \$800,000 so far," added Michael Naab, museum curator, "but we still need more money and are actively seeking further support from the entire area."

Among recent contributions have been some almost reaching six figures, Naab reported.

One of the most significant contributions came from the Autzen foundation, established in memory of the late Thomas F. Autzen of Portland. He was a prominent figure in the lumber industry of the Northwest and an avid devotee of boating on the Columbia. For years he kept his boat on the lower Columbia in the summer time. The Autzen Foundation is administered by his family. The Autzen athletic field at University of Oregon commemorates the Autzen name.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Barbey have contributed a fund to establish a memorial to Henry J. Barbey, father of Graham Barbey and founder of Barbey Packing Company. Henry Barbey was engaged in the canning industry more than 60 years. He was one of the largest operators of seining grounds on the Columbia River.

The Barbey firm had seining operations on Peacock Spit, Sand Island, Welch's, Pillar Rock and Jim Crow sands in the 1930s and until seining finally was outlawed by voters of Oregon in the 1940s.

The fishing industry room of the new Maritime Museum will be named for Henry Barbey.

Also perpetuating the Barbey name is a gift from Mrs. Katharine Barbey of

Olympia, widow of Admiral Daniel Barbey of World War II fame. A brother of Henry Barbey, Admiral Dan Barbey was noted for development of amphibious landing techniques in the south Pacific.

The Navy room in the new museum will be named for Admiral Barbey.

Mrs. John A. Warren, Eugene, and her children Charles Warren, Eugene, and Mrs. Karen Wickstrand, Seattle, have made a contribution to establish a memorial to Fritz S. Elfving, pioneer ferry operator on the lower Columbia. He was father-in-law to Mrs. Warren and grandfather to her two children. Captain Elfving, an immigrant from Sweden, began ferry service with a small barge and tug in 1921. He later added the boats Tourist, Tourist No. 2 and Tourist No. 3, maintaining a growing trans-Columbia traffic until 1946, when the state of Oregon bought the ferry service.

The Columbia River room in the new museum will be named for Captain Elfving.

Other major contributions to the museum building fund include: Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Miller, Portland, well known philanthropists with the Stimson Lumber Company; Mrs. Richard H. Martin, Portland (formerly Wenona Dyer, Astoria), sister of the late Joseph M. Dyer, founder and long time trustee of the Maritime Museum, founder of Astoria Marine Construction Company and nationally recognized naval architect; Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Hayes, Portland; Mrs. Grace Kern, Portland, Columbia Contract Company and other firms well known in the maritime industry, who barged rock from Camas, Wash., for repair of the Columbia River jetties. His cannery, Kern Brothers, was sold to Elmore Packing company and later was one of the packing firms that combined to form Columbia River Packers Association, now Bumble Bee Seafoods. The town of Kernville on Siletz Bay perpetuates his name.

Bumble Bee Seafoods is a major contributor to the museum fund, as are such firms as Crown Zellerbach, Western Transportation Company, Knapton Towboat Company, all banks, savings and loan companies and all utility firms doing business in Astoria.

The Astoria Angora Club, also a big donor, will be commemorated in the observation deck and viewing windows of the new building.

Numerous foundations have swelled the building fund with contributions, among them the Weyerhaeuser Foundation, C.S. Jackson Foundation, Collins, Jacobs, C.F. Adams, Oregon Community, International Paper Company B.P. John, Westland, Ralph and Adolph Jacobs Foundations, all of Portland; the Charles and Kathryn Browning Foundation, Astoria, and others.

I didn't realize that wooden auxiliary sailing vessels were built in Astoria shipyards in World War I until I read an article by ex-Astoria business man Truman B. Cook, in the summer of 1976 issue of Oregon Historical Quarterly.

Cook, whom many old-timers here will remember for his connection with the marine supply firm of Cook and Foster for many years, tells of his adventures as a marine engineer aboard the auxiliary schooner Madrugada, built in 1917 at the McEachern shipyard here, and later on a similar vessel, the S.I. Allard, built in a St. Helens yard.

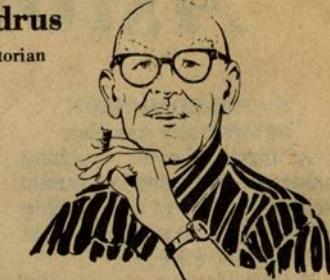
Cook's article contains excerpts from a diary he kept aboard the Madrugada on a voyage down the west coast of South America, describing the frequent trouble encountered with the diesel engines. The Madrugada went through the Panama canal and to Boston and New York, where Cook left the ship.

Soon afterward, the Madrugada was torpedoed and sunk off the east coast.

The Madrugada was rigged as a four-masted schooner, with Skandia semi-

Fred Andrus

Of The Daily Astorian



diesel auxiliary engines, two of them of four cylinders, each producing 240 horsepower.

Cook, the author, after many years in Astoria, now lives in Portland.

A storekeeper's cash account ledger for the years 1872-5, said to have been found in the attic of the county historical museum, has been loaned to me by an anonymous individual, for perusal.

Many names of individuals prominent in the early days of Astoria appear in the book, as well as the names of many ships that visited the Astoria harbor in those years.

Some of the entries seem strange to modern eyes, such as \$2.50 for sealing wax, or \$35 for 28 cords of wood. There was apparently some barter, such as the receipt of a quantity of smoked salmon "on account."

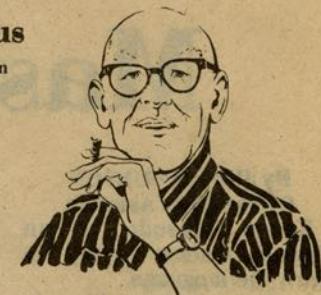
The merchant who kept the ledger was evidently deeply involved in maritime affairs, as there were many entries of expenditures on behalf of vessels, such as the barkentine J.A. Falkenburg, schooner Adelaide, schooner Louisa, steam tug Astoria, ship A.M. Small, British ship Sussex and many others for which the ledger-keeper apparently was agent here.

There are records of payments to or by many local citizens whose names will be remembered — J.H. Twilight, D.C. Ireland, George Hume, J.G. Megler, Conrad Boelling, S.D. Arrigoni, John Adair and others.

Some payments were small indeed by today's standards. A fireman hired for a day and a half on the steam tug Brenham got \$3.75. Only \$15.30 was paid out for building a sidewalk of indeterminate length. Six cups and saucers and chimneys — presumably lamp chimneys — for the steam tug Astoria cost \$1.75. Freight charge for shipping 19 barrels of salmon to Honolulu on the Barkentine J.A. Falkenburg was \$4.50.

Bits and Pieces

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Old ties not forgotten

It's been several decades since the Weinhard Brewing company of Portland built the Weinhard-Astoria hotel and more than a half century since the hostelry burned in the 1922 Astoria fire, but the Weinhard people haven't forgotten Astoria.

When Mrs. Graham Barbey and Fred Barnum of the Columbia Memorial Hospital fund drive went to Portland to solicit gifts for the current \$500,000 fund campaign, they called on Bill Wessinger of Blitz-Weinhard Brewing company, who is an acquaintance of Mrs. Barbey's.

Wessinger is the son of the Wessinger with whom Mayor Herman Wise of Astoria dealt in 1906 when Astoria was campaigning for a hotel.

Revival of memories of old Weinhard ties with Astoria may have helped Mrs. Barbey and Barnum. At any rate, the Blitz-Weinhard company has come up with a \$1,000 gift for the hospital fund drive.

Back in 1907, Astoria badly needed a good hotel. Mayor Wise personally offered a 100 by 100 foot site free, and if it wasn't satisfactory, local citizens had raised \$6,700 to buy another site.

The Weinhard company became interested in the hotel project and decided to go ahead on its own, without using Mayor Wise's free lot or the \$6,700 subsidy.

The site was cleared and the foundation laid when the "money panic of 1907" halted work, Mayor Wise later wrote.

The delay was temporary, however, and the hotel was finished by 1916, when Wise published a letter in the Evening Budget telling about the transaction.

The Weinhard-Astoria hotel, which apparently was a handsome inn for those days, perished in the fire that destroyed downtown Astoria in December 1922. Only thing salvaged was the ornamental portal, which now stands in the city park on top of the hill.

Getting back to modern times, Blitz-Weinhard wasn't the only Portland firm to help out on the hospital drive, Mrs. Barbey reported. Among those she visited was Jack Hering, an old friend, of the Jones Stevedoring Company, which does business in Astoria. As a result of that call, three stevedoring companies—Jones, Portland Stevedoring, and Brady-Hamilton Stevedoring—all came through with

handsome contributions to the hospital.

Barnum and Mrs. Barbey also called on various foundations, and have hopes that there will be gifts forthcoming from all of them.

Encouraging as the evidence of support from out-of-town friends of Astoria has been, hospital officials emphasize that Astorians must also give support if the \$500,000 goal is to be reached.

"We still have more than \$100,000 to raise," said Bob Lovell of the fund campaign committee.

Chriss Carlson, who lives in the Knappa district, was going through an old trunk and came upon a yellowed clipping from the Morning Astorian of February 1911, telling of the loss of the gasoline schooner Oshkosh at the mouth of the Columbia, with loss of six lives.

"I knew all the crew of that boat," Carlson recalled. "All were Astorians."

The clipping was in an old trunk that had belonged to Carlson's late brother, Carl, who was a marine engineer.

"He ran a boat like the Oshkosh," Chriss Carlson recalled.

The Oshkosh was a small coastwide cargo vessel of 123 net tons, driven by a 200-horsepower gasoline engine. It was one of "the Elmore fleet." It was on a voyage from Tillamook to the Umpqua, with a crew of seven aboard, all Astoria men—Capt. Thomas Latham, Engineer William R. Deane, Cook Al Davis, Charles Larson, Gus Chilberg, Gus Reinzager, George May.

May, sole survivor of the wreck, said that a storm caught the Oshkosh as it approached the mouth of the Umpqua.

It was too rough to try to cross the Umpqua bar, so the Oshkosh drove northward in the howling southwest wind, until it arrived off the Columbia.

May, on watch in the engine room, had himself locked in to keep the seas that came aboard from swamping the engines. That saved his life.

As the Oshkosh headed for the bar—there were breakers all across it—the lightly-loaded vessel turned turtle.

May, in the engine room, found himself with his head sticking out of water into a 2½-foot layer of air trapped in the closed engine room.

The pressure on his ears was terrific from this compressed mass of air, May later told an Evening Budget reporter.

After hours of tossing about in his tiny prison, May said he heard the mast snap off and reasoned that the upside-down vessel had hit shore.

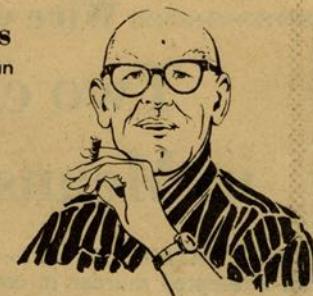
Six hours after he was trapped in the engine room, May broke out of the engine room by breaking the door with a plank and to his delight, saw the beach in front of him. He walked ashore.

Bodies of the other six men were found strewn along the beach.

There was other historical material

in Carl Carlson's trunk, including a postal card with a 1 cent stamp—those were the days—that depicted the steamer Beaver, first on the Northwest Coast.

Carlson had pencilled considerable information on the back of the card. It told that the Beaver was 101 feet long with side paddles and its machinery weighed 63 tons. Built in Blackwall, England, in 1834-5, the Beaver with a crew of 26 men arrived in Astoria April 4, 1836, and in Puget Sound in 1837. The Beaver was wrecked in Burrard Inlet, B.C., in 1888.



Pages from the past

The dusty archives in the Clatsop County court house basement contain unexpected bits of history, according to Russell Dark of the county historical advisory committee. He burrows in these archives daily, pursuing the task of indexing old county records.

Recently Dark came upon a bound volume of the Bay City Tribune for 1891. It was the first year of that weekly newspaper's existence, and perhaps the last.

The publisher was John S. Dellinger, who later published the Morning Astorian for many years. Bay City was only six months old when Dellinger started his paper there.

Those old issues of the Tribune breathe a spirit of optimism. Bay City was bound to grow and thrive. Hope for a future as the metropolis of the Tillamook Bay country was high.

Bay City was the head of deep water on Tillamook Bay; its hinterland had 40 billion feet of timber; there were prospects for a railroad; it already had two sawmills and a furniture factory plus a cannery owned by the Leinenwebers of Astoria, and it had, as Publisher Dellinger editorially stated, "the largest and best newspaper in Tillamook County."

There were \$250,000 worth of improvements in sight, Dellinger boasted: two new hotels; a sash and door factory; a shingle and stave mill; a big livery barn.

There was hope that the booming little city might soon get a bank and even a barber shop. In fact, the barber shop came a few months later.

The steamer Augusta made regular trips, weather permitting, from Astoria and Portland. The steamers Scotia and Truckee ran regularly to and from San Francisco, carrying lumber south and general cargo back.

But, alas, Bay City's expectations were never fulfilled and today the town slumbers on the bay shore, its bright hopes of 85 years ago well-nigh forgotten. So it has been with many a boom town of those exuberant years as the 19th century neared its end.

In the back of that book that Dark came upon, were a few copies of a half dozen newspapers published in the 1880s in small towns in Nebraska and South Dakota. All had one thing in common—the name of J.S. Dellinger on the masthead.

The book was evidently one that Dellinger owned in which he kept some mementoes of his long publishing career. How it got into the court house archives is unexplained.

R.M. Gaston, in his book of Oregon biographies, published in 1912, says that Dellinger probably launched more newspapers than any other man in

America—17 of them prior to his acquisition of the Morning Astorian in 1903. He also started the first daily paper in Alaska—the Morning Alaskan, started in Skagway in 1898.

The Morning Astorian was his 19th and final newspaper. He published it 27 years, until his death in 1930. He also became a cranberry grower and his name is preserved in the Dellmoor Road on Clatsop Plains, leading to his cranberry bogs at Dellmoor.

Dellinger was born in Pennsylvania in 1866 and the family moved to Iowa, where in 1882 Dellinger went to work as a typesetter on the Lake County Blade. Within two years he had launched his own paper, the weekly Enterprise in Arlington, Neb. It took only a small printing plant to start a paper in those days. Today it takes a fortune.

In the next nine years Dellinger launched 13 papers in Nebraska towns and in South Dakota. He even founded the town of Hyannis, Neb., when he learned the Burlington railroad would run through there, and launched a weekly there.

His last midwestern newspaper venture was at Chamberlain, S.D., where he took the winning side in a fight between the towns of Pierre and Huron to see which would become state capital.

He moved so often in those days that, according to Dark, there is a legend that he had a printing plant mounted in the back of a wagon for quick transport.

In 1891 Dellinger came west to Bay City, launching the Tribune. He ran it 18 months, then started the Nehalem Times in Nehalem City (that town has since dropped the "City" from its name).

Soon Dellinger acquired the Astoria Daily News, where he also printed the Nehalem Times.

In 1898 he sent a complete printing plant to Skagway and launched Alaska's first daily paper.

The last newspaper Dellinger started was the Port Oregon Tribune in Warrenton.

While running the Astoria News, Dellinger set up a blank book manufacturing and bindery plant, and moved that to the Morning Astorian when he acquired that paper in 1903.

I well remember that bindery, run by the late Paul Kraetch, for it was there when I went to work for Dellinger on the copy desk of the Morning Astorian in 1927.

"Del" or "Old Del," as he was generally known, had somewhat the reputation of an ogre to work for. It was said that he had three news room crews—one going, one working and one coming.

Parker Branin, the man I replaced,

had quit to join the paper in Twin Falls, Idaho. We were friends and he had recommended me for the job. Apparently he had over-promoted my age and experience. When I reported, Dellinger looked me over.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," I answered.

"Humph. I was told you were older than that. Well, you can have the job, but you get only \$35 a week, instead of the \$40 Branin got. We'll have to see if you can handle it."

Six months went by, with no complaints.

Then one day the city editor handed me a note, written in Dellinger's near-indecipherable scrawl. I was fired.

"Why?" I asked.

"He doesn't like the front page makeup. Thinks it's too much the same all the time."

The front page was made up almost identically with the Portland Oregonian, and had been for a long time before I came to work.

I thought this was unfair, and said so.

"I'm going in and talk to him," I said.

This produced a reaction of horror from all the older hands. No one ever

dared to complain over being fired. But, with nothing to lose, I went in to see the publisher next time he came in from the cranberry bog.

I explained the situation, that no one had objected to the front page style, and claimed I could vary it if I had only known that was what was wanted.

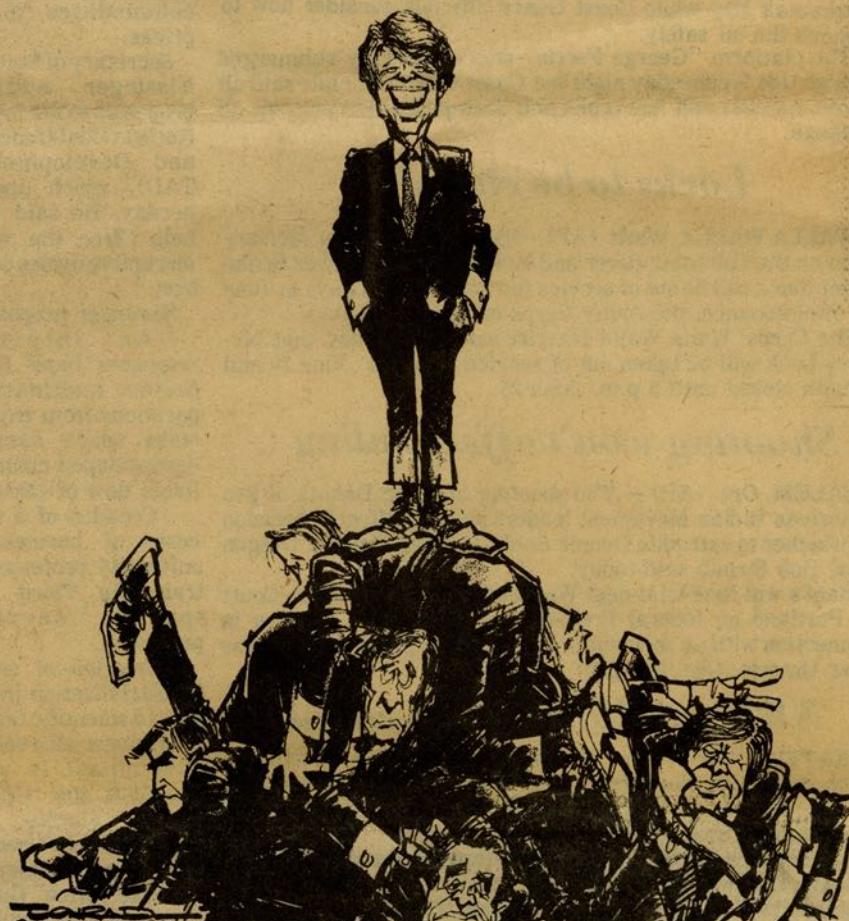
Dellinger had listened patiently, and agreed I had a good case.

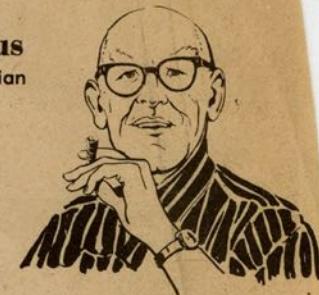
"It's too late, however. I've already got another man coming. But here's what I'll do. That reporter—there was only one on the staff—is no good. I'm going to can him, and you can have his job. But I've got to give him a week's notice. Take a week off, with pay, and then come back to work."

So I may be the only person in the history of the Morning Astorian who ever was fired and re-hired the same day.

And the beauty of it was that week's vacation with pay. The Astorian in those days didn't give vacations. I've always thought that was gruff old Del's way of making amends for an unjust dismissal.

An ogre with a heart of gold.





Restoration underway

A Bicentennial project to restore the Erik Lindgren home got under way last week at Cullaby Lake county park.

The Lindgren home, built in the remote Clatsop hills near Hamlet more than a half century ago, is considered perhaps unique in the United States for the high quality of hand workmanship that went into its construction.

The Lindgren house stood vacant for years after it was abandoned in the 1930s. A decade ago members of the Finnish Brotherhood decided it should be preserved as a monument to the skill and hardihood of immigrants from Finland, of whom Lindgren was one.

Timber by timber, the house was dismantled, each piece was carefully marked, and eventually it was rebuilt at the Cullaby Lake park.

Unfortunately, during the years the house stood vacant, campers had built fires inside it, burning huge holes in the living room floor and ripping off doors and windows for fuel.

The Finnish Brotherhood collected more than \$1,000 from donations for its restoration, and when it was adopted as a Bicentennial project, \$5,000 in Bicentennial money was promised to pay for the restoration job.

The county government obtained donation of a large cedar log and Paul Autio of Brownsmead sawed it into suitable timbers at his own sawmill.

The entire house was built originally of cedar timber, cedar being perhaps the most durable of Northwest woods,

Lindgren built the house to last. Walls and floors are inches thick. All timbers are carefully fitted together and all joints are built with precision and dovetailed.

All the work was done with axe, hatchet, adze and handsaw, and the same tools are being used in the restoration.

Doing the work are Wilho Perttu of Astoria and Wayne Paavola of Clatskanie, both skilled in the use of the same tools Lindgren used to build the house.

The task they have undertaken involves restoring eight windows and their frames, five doors, portions of the floor that were damaged by fire, and

portions of the roof shakes that were torn off, presumably for fuel for the vandals' camp fires.

Perttu and Paavola are not strangers to the axe, the adze, the handsaw and the hatchet. Both learned carpentry with these hand tools as boys in their native Finland.

They estimate they have about two weeks' work to finish the job, but it may take longer. They work at it when they can spare time from their regular occupations.

The Lindgren house, built in a simple rectangular shape, has five rooms downstairs and a large attic above. When the reconstruction is complete, it will become a permanent attraction at the Cullaby Lake park.

Many Astorians remember Polly McKean Bell, who died 12 years ago at the age of 88. She was Astoria's oldest native at the time of her death in 1964 and was well known throughout the community.

Mrs. Bell would have been 100 years old next Tuesday, February 17.

She was an extremely lively and active octogenarian and much interested in preserving the history of Astoria, with which her family was closely connected. She will be remembered by many as the author of a sprightly little book, "Evergreen Bougs and Mincemeat Pie," which described the social life of the Astoria of her girlhood. She worked to preserve the Flavel home, the Fort Astoria site and other historic spots.

Her grandfather, Samuel T. McLean, came to Astoria by covered wagon in 1848 and was the first representative of Clatsop district — which then covered both banks of the lower Columbia River — in the Oregon territorial legislature.

Mrs. Bell's mother, born Mary Jane Smith, was one of the "Mercer girls," a shipload of whom were brought from the east coast by Asa Mercer of Seattle in 1866 to provide wives for the predominantly male population of that pioneer settlement. Miss Smith didn't stay in Seattle, but came to Astoria, where she had relatives, and there married Samuel T. McLean Jr.

When Paul Sjoblom, Helsinki, editor of the English section of the Suomi Society's magazine, Suomen Silta, or Finland's Bridge, toured the U.S. this winter he made a special point of coming to Astoria.

One reason was the big population here of Finnish descent. Another was the chance to be a guest at the Delbert Bjork home during a brief stay in the city.

When Col. Bjork was still on active duty in the U.S. Army, he served a tour of duty as military attaché to the U.S. embassy in Helsinki, where Sjoblom was then working as a newspaper correspondent. They became friends.

Sjoblom said he was amazed by the beauty of the scenery in the Astoria area.

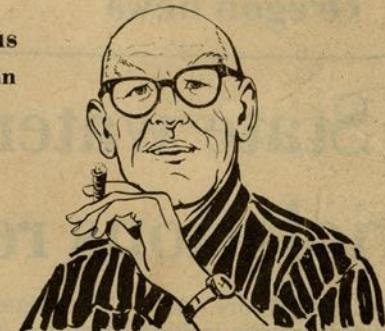
Although born in the U.S., he had never been in this part of the country before.



Daily Astorian—FRED ANDRUS

Wilho Perttu, left, and Wayne Paavola shape a cedar plank in the Lindgren house.

Seeking old railroad



Russell Dark of the Clatsop County Historical Advisory Committee has been going frantically through the county archives with a view to rescuing historically valuable documents, as a state archivist who visited the court house recently had ordered all the old documents destroyed.

Among the material Dark salvaged was articles of incorporation for the Walluski and Bear Valley Railroad. Dark has been looking for traces of this old railway and mentioned it at a recent meeting of the historical advisory committee. Carl Labiske, who recently retired from the motel business, said he remembers it very well.

According to Labiske, who grew up in the Walluski district, the Walluski and Bear Valley Railroad was launched by the Trullinger Brothers, who were operators of the West Shore Mill in Astoria. The railway was a narrow gauge line, three miles long, built in 1890 to tap the timber supply in the upper Walluski district. It ended at a log dump on the Walluski River, at the point where the Labiske road now joins the Walluski Loop road.

"There were two camps, No. 1 just below what is now Kissville, and No. 2 just above it," Labiske reminisced. "The railway was built in 1890 and operated for about five years. It followed roughly the present line of the Labiske county road. I used to walk along the line going to and from school."

Labiske said there is still a deep cut at one point, through which the line ran, and other traces of it that can be found.

At Camp 2 there was a dam and water wheel that drove a small electric power plant, turning out just enough electricity to light up four bulbs used to illuminate the camp area.

"An old fellow I met several years ago, who told me he worked there as a young man, said he believed this little power plant was the first hydro-electric project in Oregon," Labiske said.

The Trullingers apparently were real pioneers in electricity. They had an electric power plant at their West Shore Mill in Astoria, that eventually grew into Pacific Power and Light Company.

Dark persuaded county officials not to burn all the old documents in the court house vaults, as directed by the state archivist. Instead, many pounds of these documents have been turned over to the Astoria Library and stored in the basement there, where Librarian Bruce Berney eventually will sort through them, as time permits, and select the historically valuable ones for preservation.

Among interesting documents Dark has found in the county archives are the original incorporation papers of American Legion posts in the county.

The historical advisory committee will turn these over to the Legion, to be framed and hung in the Legion hall.

Dark also found all the contents of the Astoria National Bank vault when the bank failed in 1929.

Everything in the bank vault had been dumped, unopened, in a compartment in the court house basement, and remained there undisturbed all the remaining years.

Dark says he is going through the masses of unsigned checks, stocks in all kinds of old businesses, and other documents in the vault—but has found no money.

The year 1929 was a black one in the history of Clatsop County. Three of the county's five banks closed their doors, including the Astoria National and Astoria Savings Bank. Depositors lost substantial amounts of their savings, and the disaster led to bankruptcy of the city and port district.

There's nothing in the old bank vault's contents that could have averted the bank closure, Dark said.

The Astoria Bicentennial Committee turned back to the county commissioners recently the sum of \$283. It was money advanced by the county for

Bicentennial expenses, but not used. Now the county has turned this fund over to the historical advisory committee to pay expenses of moving the old curfew bell that stands beside the Doughboy Monument in the West End. It will be moved to a new West End fire hall which the city hopes to build eventually, and the \$283 will go to the cost of moving and suitably housing the old bell.

The historical advisory committee has approved the texts of a monument to be erected on the site of the Solomon Smith home beside Smith Lake, and another to be erected at the Astoria Column commemorating John Chitwood.

The committee also authorized going ahead to put up the monuments.

Solomon Smith was a Clatsop Plains pioneer, the first Oregon school teacher. His farm home stood near the west side of Smith Lake and its exact location is marked on an 1853 map the committee has in its possession. Smith died in 1876.

John Chitwood, a county pioneer, was the first to propose a monument on the summit of Coxcomb Hill, commemorating the Lewis and Clark ex-

pedition. He made the proposal in 1909, but did not live to see the monument finally erected in 1926. Chitwood died in 1920, but before he died he had built at his own expense a wagon road to the top of the hill.

The historical advisory committee has received 173 glass negatives from Mrs. Hale of Elsie, who said they were in the attic of a neighbor.

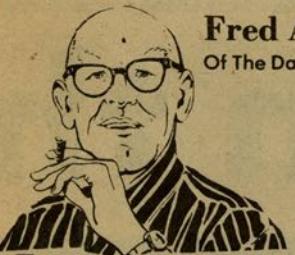
The old negatives, some of them dating back to the turn of the century and beyond, all are of Nehalem Valley scenes. They show old farms, old schools with classes of kids posed outside them, the first post office at Elsie, the old Grand Rapids railroad, ox teams engaged in logging, and other scenes of historic interest.

There is even a photo of about 20 men armed with what look like Civil War muskets, apparently engaged in a bobcat hunt.

Prints will be made of these old plates, in an effort to have some of the scenes and people identified.

Local historians wonder how many homes may have stores of old photos and negatives tucked away in forgotten closets. Such pictures from the past could have much historic value.

Artl... II



Fred Andrus
Of The Daily Astorian

Bits and Pieces

Towering giant of history

The 50th anniversary of completion of the Astoria Column comes around next month. To help in proper observance of the event, Bruce Berney of the Astor Library has done some extensive research on the careers of Attilio Pusterla, the artist who created the spiral mural painting on the column, and of Electus D. Litchfield, the architect who designed it.

The column, towering 123 feet atop Coxcomb hill, has a spiral staircase inside it of 166 steps giving access to the top. Its design is based on that of a column 100 feet high, built in Rome in 113 A.D. in celebration of the Roman emperor Trajan's conquest of Dacia (modern Romania). The Trajan column also has a spiral mural decoration, showing scenes of the Dacian war, and has a spiral staircase inside it.

Berney's extensive research on Pusterla revealed that the artist was born in Milan, Italy, in 1862 and studied art there and in Cremona. He came to the U.S. in 1899, settling in Woodcliff, N.J., where he died in 1941 at the age of 79.

Pusterla gained prominence as a mural painter. His masterpiece is a series of mural frescoes on the walls of the New York County court house, which Pusterla designed in 1934 and helped paint as a WPA project.

This project attracted some notoriety because black citizens protested a panel showing Abraham Lincoln with a group of blacks in the background, one of whom was depicted eating a watermelon.

Black citizens objected that this was a burlesque against black people, so Pusterla was directed to substitute another figure for the watermelon eater.

The court house murals "were one of the largest WPA art projects carried out in this city," The New York Times reported. "Besides those in the lobby, the murals cover the 200-foot dome and cupola of the court house and show the development of law from the beginning of written history to the present in six lunettes, each of which shows two phases of the history."

Pusterla also designed frescoes on the Canadian Parliament building at Ottawa. The Astoria column mural is considered the third of his greatest works.

Strangely, the material gathered by Berney does not mention that Pusterla specialized in the technique known as sgraffito work, which involved engraving outlines of the design on the surface to be decorated, the engraved cuttings then to be filled with paint and made permanent by a preservative coating. The Astoria column mural is done in sgraffito.

Pusterla was one of the few specialists in this kind of work. When he

died in 1941 there was no one to be found who could repair weather damage to the murals by the same technique Pusterla had used.

Pusterla made the original column mural in 1926. Ten years later he was called back to Astoria to restore weather-worn portions of the mural. He worked all summer in 1936, hanging from the column summit in a bosun's chair.

Mr. and Mrs. Pusterla lived as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Etro at their Miles Crossing home that summer.

In gratitude, he painted a triangular scene on the front of their garage, showing an automobile in the foreground, carrying a party of picnickers through a rural scene.

After the Etros sold this house, a subsequent owner painted over the picture.

Today the engraved outline of the automobile is still visible, but the picture is obliterated.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kee, present occupants of the former Etro place, say they would like to have the painting restored, if possible, but that the cost apparently would be high.

Among those to whom Berney wrote seeking information on Pusterla was Fred Pusterla of Old Tappan, N.J., a grand-nephew of Attilio.

Fred Pusterla, an artist with Columbia Broadcasting System, wrote back that Berney's inquiry was the first knowledge he had that Uncle Attilio also had been an artist. He said he is trying to gather more information about his great-uncle. He also wrote he would like to visit Astoria, but the trip would be too costly.

When Emperor Trajan had the prototype of the Astoria Column erected 1863 years ago, he was fortunate in having one man — Apollodorus of Damascus, a Syrian engineer and architect — both design and build it.

The Great Northern Railway, which provided most of the funds for the Astoria Column, was not so fortunate. It had separate architect, builders and painter do the job.

The architect was Electus D. Litchfield, New York. The New York public library has sent Bruce Berney a copy of his obituary notice in the New York Herald-Tribune.

Litchfield died in 1952 at the age of 80 in New York, where he was born in 1872.

Litchfield designed many notable buildings and monuments throughout the country, including the St. Paul Public Library; National Armory in Washington, D.C.; Victory Memorial at Newark, N.J.; Pioneer Monument at Wishram, Wash., and the Pathfinder's Monument at Bonner's Ferry, Ida. He also designed many slum clearance projects in his native city.

"Mr. Litchfield was a persistent fighter for beautification of the city and preservation of its historic landmarks," the obituary notice reported.

Litchfield apparently gained considerable prominence in New York through his campaigns for civic improvement.



Old postcard shows covered, elevating platform used by Pusterla when painting the column's spiral mural

THE DAILY ASTORIAN

An Independent Newspaper

Can be a model plan

Through all of the controversy involving comprehensive land use planning, demands for more local control are a common refrain.

Senate Bill 100 which the Oregon Legislature enacted to require counties and cities to develop comprehensive land use plans provides much more local control than a majority of Oregonians realizes. To an even greater degree, local control is guaranteed in the development of a coastal zone management plan.

Congress enacted the Coastal Zone Management Act in 1972, giving the coastal states responsibility for developing plans to protect and promote the nation's more than 20,000 miles of coastline.

States are required to develop plans that give "full consideration to ecological, cultural, historic and esthetic values, as well as to needs for economic development." Decisions on how to proceed are left to the states and residents of coastal areas within the states.

The Oregon Legislature got the program underway by appointing the Oregon Coastal Conservation and Development Commission on which elected officials from the coastal counties and members at large served. OCCDC worked for four years. Its findings and recommendations were turned over to the Oregon Land Conservation and Development Commission.

In the process of developing goals and guidelines for management of the resources of Oregon's coastal counties, many public hearings have been held and three drafts of a management document have been prepared.

In recent days, LCDC has been holding hearings on the coast and at Salem on the third draft. The commission hopes by the end of this month to have goals and guidelines finally established.

Members of LCDC think the

recent hearings were beneficial to citizens who attended them and to the commission. The genuine concern of everyone involved that the plan serve the best interests of the majority was established.

Not only residents of the coastal counties have a stake in what lumbering, fishing, agriculture and tourism on the coast can contribute to the economy. It is of vital importance to the whole state. Similarly, there is statewide interest in preserving such irreplaceable assets as those found within estuaries, beaches and dunes, shorelands and the continental shelf.

There must be compromise between economic and environmental concerns. Oregon has the opportunity to do a model job in that area.

Washington and California are ahead of Oregon but only in time. Washington was the first state to adopt a coastal zone management plan. It came rather easy there because Washington's coastal zone is thinly populated. California had a knock down and drag out fight within its legislature and although a plan is in place the brawling goes on.

Oregon has gone at it slowly. There has been thorough citizen involvement. LCDC decided early this year that rather than to push for adoption of a plan then that it would be advantageous to back off and give everyone more time to study the third draft of goals and guidelines. That time has been well used. The final draft will be different from the third in some ways that would not have been possible but for the additional time given for input from the coastal counties.

There is substantial evidence that a coastal zone management plan for Oregon will serve persons who live in the coastal counties very well while preserving resources that are of such great value to the state of Oregon.

Cooperation at last

At last there is some solid evidence that the federal government understands what Oregon's Gov. Bob Straub was talking about when he said that some of Bonneville Power Administration's revenues should be used to increase the fish resource of the Columbia River and its tributaries.

In the beginning, BPA said it already was contributing a substantial sum for that purpose and did not see the need to do more. Then, BPA announced that it had decided to give \$500,000 to four Columbia River Indian tribes to use as they saw fit for fishery enhancement. Straub and governors of the other Northwest states protested, saying that the money should be expended through the Pacific Northwest Regional Commission.

BPA backed off and meetings of the governors of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, BPA Administrator Don Hodel, federal agency officials concerned with the fish resource and representatives of the Indians were scheduled. Out of that has come an agreement that the money will be expended through the Pacific Northwest Regional Commission in behalf of all users of the resource.

BPA concedes that it was wrong to give the money to only one group of users and without any requirement that they consult with anyone regarding how the money

would be spent and that's a significant concession.

This all began badly but it may turn out to be much better than almost everyone hoped for. All the parties interested in a fishery research and development program in the Columbia Basin talked their way out of a stalemate. If the experience convinced them that it's the way to go—that they can get more fish through cooperation—we may at last see the end to threats and counter-threats.

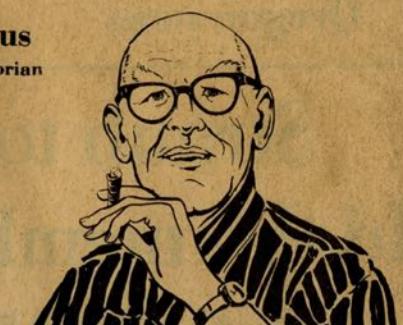
This newspaper has been saying for some time that Congress will not repeal treaties with the Indians and that federal courts are not going to disregard the rights of the Indians, so the only way to go is a cooperative effort subscribed to by Indians, sports and commercial fishermen. And that the program must have as its goal providing enough fish for all three interests.

The federal government cannot be a bystander. It must participate and certainly there is responsibility related to the damage dams on the Columbia and its tributaries have done to the fish resource.

The cooperative effort agreed to in recent days is most encouraging. No one can win by continuing the fighting in and out of the courts. All who are turning in the direction of working together must be commended.

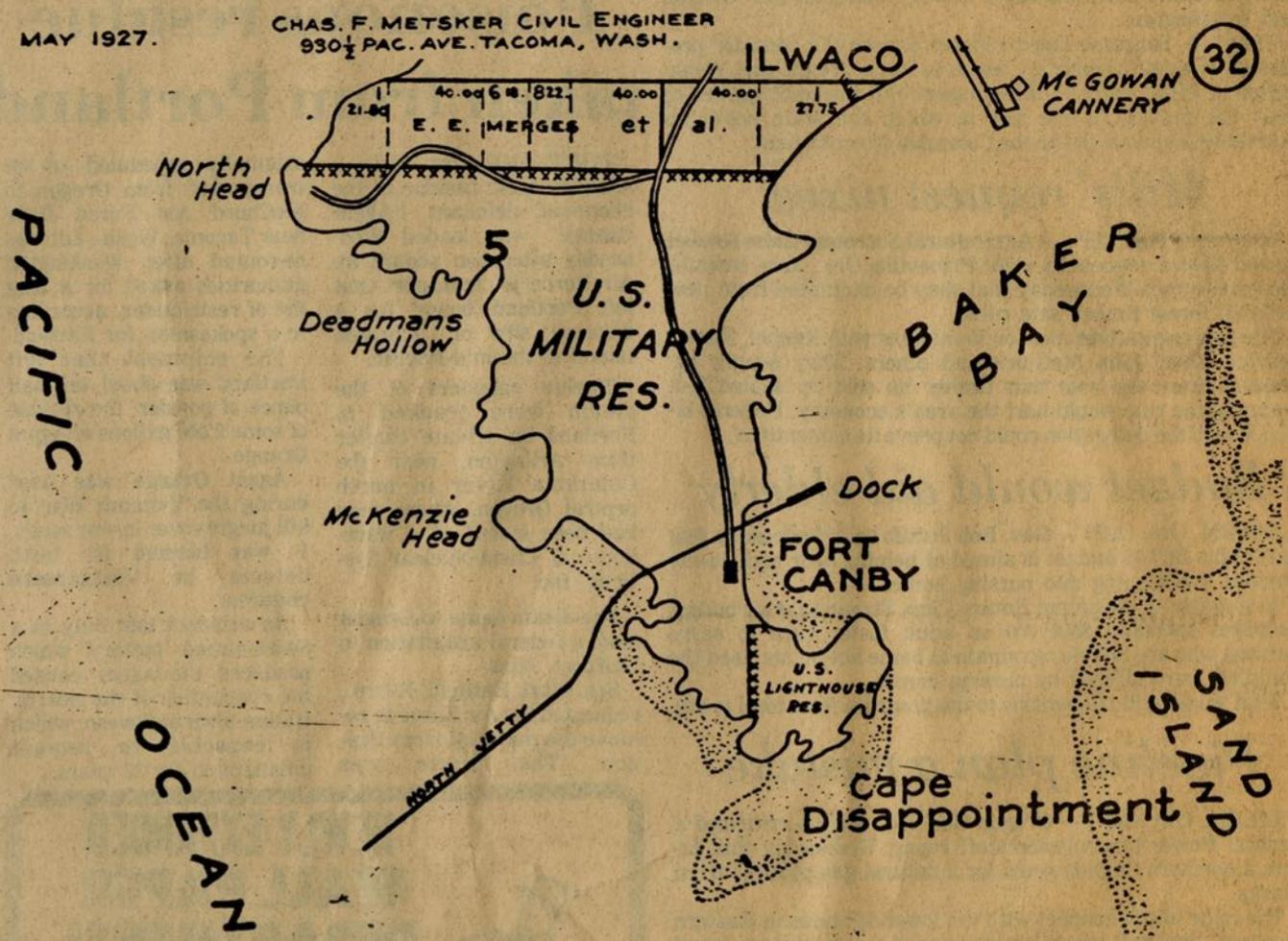
Bits and Pieces

Pacific City revisited

Fred Andrus
For The Daily Astorian

MCGOWAN CANNERY

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Shoalwater Bay and Willapa River areas."

The county seat of government also moved at that time, to Chinookville. In 1855 it was moved again, to Oysterville which had become a thriving community furnishing oysters for the San Francisco trade. In 1893 the booming town of South Bend "kidnapped" the county seat.

So Pacific City was abandoned by order of the U.S. Army, and soon passed into the limbo of forgotten communities, of which there are a good many scattered about the West. It was so far forgotten that I had never heard of the place until a few months ago the people at the new Fort Canby state park asked if I knew where it had been.

Cities come and go; some seem to live forever, others fade and die, and some merge with neighbor cities. Which reminds me that there is a committee, just appointed, to make a study of possible effects of merging the contiguous cities of Warrenton and Hammond.

The idea of investigating a possible merger comes from Mayor Richard Carruthers of Hammond and was inspired by the appallingly high cost of insurance for that town.

The committee isn't to recommend either for or against a union of the two communities, but to report on the advantages and disadvantages of merging or of not merging, leaving the decision to the people.

There haven't been many municipal mergers in Oregon, so it's an unusual and interesting problem the committee has before it.

One successful merger that comes to mind is the combination a few years back of Taft, Ocean Lake, Delake and another town or two to form the present Lincoln City. Another earlier merger of adjacent Milton and Freewater created Milton-Freewater. One merger attempt that failed involved the cities of Marshfield and North Bend, which were intended to combine to form a new city to be called Coos Bay. Marshfield went for the merger, and even changed its name officially to Coos Bay, but North Bend voters turned down the plan.

There is a sense of community identity in almost every town that works against the idea of merging with a neighbor, particularly a bigger neighbor which might tend to swallow up the smaller one. But in these days of galloping inflation there is an economic problem that might change attitudes in

order to save tax dollars. It remains to be seen what seems most desirable for these two Clatsop communities.

Who knows; if Warrenton and Hammond were to merge successfully, the combination might grow big and strong enough some day to think of taking over Astoria, too!

There's hope for the English language yet! A happy surprise the other day was appearance of a sports announcer on a television program who took his colleagues to task for misuse of the language.

This is wonderful. Sports announcers generally have less respect for good English than any other class of people who make their living by public speaking or writing. The man on the program deplored such terms as "blitzing" or "to sack" the quarterback — expressions which certainly are overworked. He might also have protested "some kind of" as a laudatory term for an athlete, or "healthy" for a team free of injuries, or "zip" and "zilch" for zero, or any of the many other badly overworked expressions that sports announcers — and sports writers — use ad nauseum.



William Clark

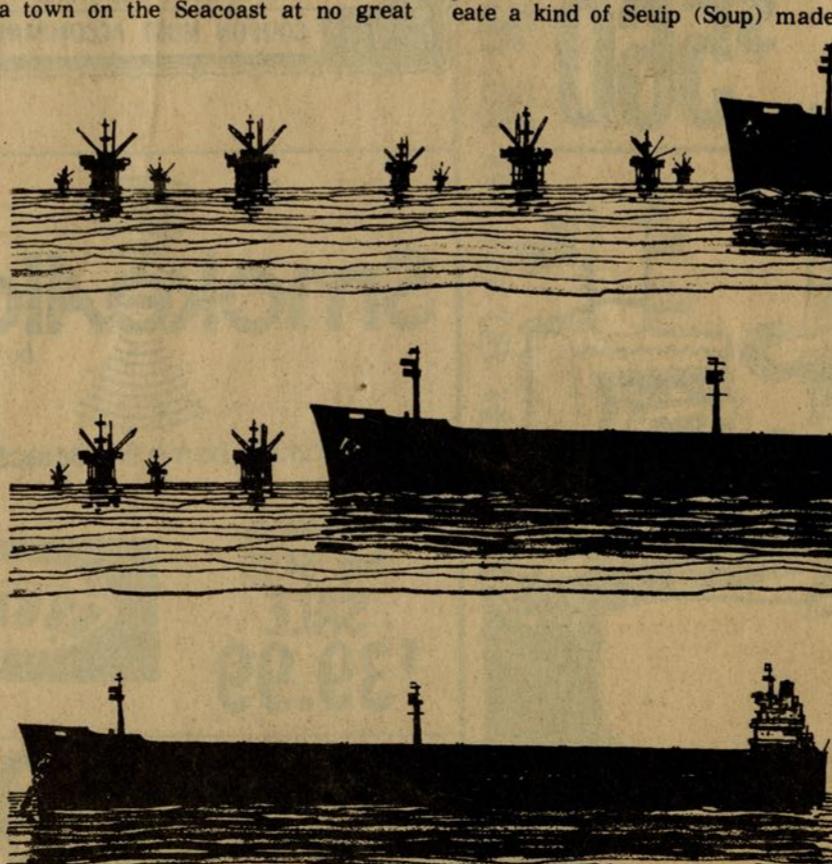
loads after Crossing 2 of the Indians took the Canoe on their Shoulders and Carried it across to the other Creek about 1/4 of a mile, we Crossed the 2d. Creek and proceeded on to the mouth of the creek which makes a great bend above the mouth of this Creek or to the S. is 3 houses and about 12 families of the Clatsop Nation.

we crossed to those houses, which were built on the S. exposure of the hill, Sank into the ground about 4 feet the walls roof & gable ends are of Split pine boards, the doors Small with a ladder to descend to the inner part of the house, the fires are 2 in the middle of the house their beads all around raised about 2 1/2 feet from the bottom floor all covered with mats and under those beads was stored their bags baskets and useless mats.

those people treated me with extraordianary friendship, one man attached himself to me as soon as I entered the hut, Spred down new mats for me to Set on, gave me fish berries rutes etc. on Small neat platters of rushes to eat which was repeated, all the Men of the other houses came and Smoked with me.

on this game they risque their beads & other parts of their most valuable effects. this amusement has occupied about 3 hours of this evening. Several of the lodges in which I am in have lost all the beads which they had about them. they have one other game which a man attempted to Show me, I do not properly understand it, they make use of many pieces about the Shape and size of Backgammon Pices which they role (on the floor) through between two pins Stuck up at certain distances &c. (These games are described by George Gibbs, in the U.S. Geological Survey's Contributions to American Ethnology. They are called, in the jargon, it-lu-kam and tsil-tsil, respectively. They are, as might be expected, accompanied with much betting, and success in them is thought to depend on certain charms or incantations.) when I was Disposed to go to Sleep the man who had been most attentive named Cus-ka. lah produced 2 new mats and Spred them near the fire, and directed his wife to go to his bead which was the Signal for all to retire which they did imediately. I had not been long on my mats before I was attacked most Violently by the flees and they kept up a close Siege during the night

we crossed in this little Canoe just large enough to carry 3 men an(d) their



Oil companies' plan for blotting out unsightly oil rigs

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